

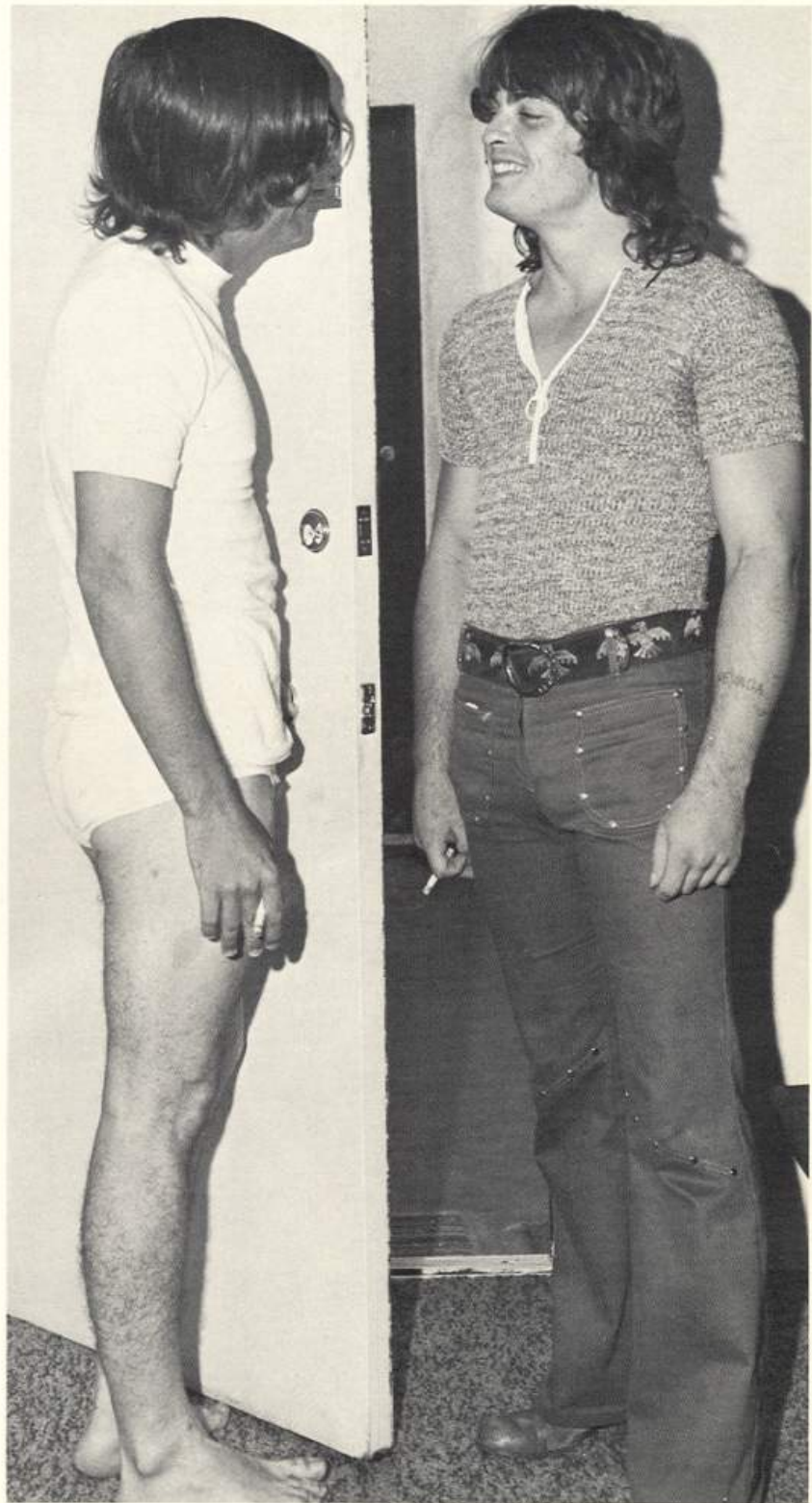
No. 1

A C T I N G - U P

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ADULTS ONLY



When All The Waiting Is Over ...





Waiting ain't easy—especially when you don't know exactly how long—or if it's forever. Maybe he won't show. Aw, he will. He told me he's been waiting for me for years—but maybe—

Hell, he'll show. He didn't have to make this date. He could've been too tired—or had a friend waiting—but he told me to be sure and wait.

I, sure as hell, have been waiting for *him* for years. All through school, I followed him around like a puppy dog. I didn't know what it was, then, but I had a crush on him.

He never seemed to pay much
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attention to me; I guess he took it for granted that I'd always be around to do whatever he asked. And I loved it. As long as I was of use to him, I felt he wouldn't want to do without me.

Since early in grammar school, his favorite game was ripping flies open. I don't mean he was sadistic to insects, I mean human flies—the ones in the front of our pants.

He would be having an earnest conversation with one of us, when he would maneuver his hand close to our zipper-pull, and then suddenly yank. Or if we had button

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flies, he'd make a fast swipe, often at the expense of a button or two. We'd have to hold a hand in front of our crotches until we could get home to sew them back on.

We'd all retaliate against Jim, but he would never button up if only one or two buttons opened. And he never covered up. He just acted as if he didn't know his fly was open (except his grin gave him away).

Many's the time I'd work myself into the position where I could glimpse as much as possible through the gaping fly. All I could see was a mound covered by white material which I thought was his undershorts. But one day, while I was looking, he raised the material and I found out that it was the bottom of his T-shirt. He never wore shorts.

That vague mound of white turned into a defined shape of flesh—his cock was exposed.

That started a new game for me. Whenever I was sure no one

but me could see, I'd yank his T-shirt up and gaze at half of his cock bulging out of his fly. He always acted surprised and laughed, but he'd make no move to cover himself until someone else would approach.

One day we were in an alcove in the school hallway. I swung at his pants and scored a "three-bagger"—all his buttons popped except the top one. Then I pulled up his T-shirt and his entire prick flopped out. We were both surprised. He said, "Bull's-eye!" and swung his hips causing his cock to bounce around in all directions. I

relished the display, until I heard footsteps in the corridor. I told him to stow it, but he just grinned and jutted his hips out further. I peeked down the hallway and saw that it was a teacher walking towards us.

She was almost to the alcove and he still hadn't buttoned up. I tried to stand in front of him, but, as luck would have it, she wanted to talk to Jim, and she stepped around me. I was horrified. I turned around and what I saw did nothing to calm my nerves.

Jim was "casually" clasp his hands in front of his crotch. The





conversation lasted only a few minutes but it seemed like an eternity.

After she left, Jim burst out laughing and pulled his hands away. He had a hard-on. The expression on my face must have told him how completely he had blown my mind; his laughter approached hysteria.

I was on a hysteria-trip of my own. I said, "Button up, goddammit, or you'll get us both expelled!"

"You pulled it out," he said, "so *you* put it back in!"

No amount of coaxing would change his mind. He insisted that I do it. I grabbed the open placket and tried to pull it out and around his rigid rod, but his pants were so tight, it came nowhere near reaching it. I pulled and stretched as hard as I could to cover his cock without touching it.

Jim kept right on laughing. Finally, he said, "You'll have to

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a branding iron was searing my skin.

While trying to hold his T-shirt down, my hands were sliding over the satin mounds of his ass. By this time I had a raging hard-on of my own.

It was now obvious that I had to force his cock with my hand. I tried to hold it with the side of my hand while I struggled with the buttons. It slipped out three times before I got it firmly anchored.

It was my turn to laugh when I finished. His shirt and pants were so twisted, it looked like someone had held his feet still while some-

open it all the way."

I released the top button and his pants fell to his thighs. I can't describe my emotions on seeing his entire midsection bare—his silky, bulging asscheeks, the beginnings of his pubic bush topping his burgeoning rod, and his tight-sacked balls. His prick was so hard now, it curved up against his belly and the head was jammed into his navel. It barely moved when he wiggled his hips, which he did continuously.

I tried to pull up his pants without touching his cock, but it was impossible. Every time it would touch my hand or arm, it felt like

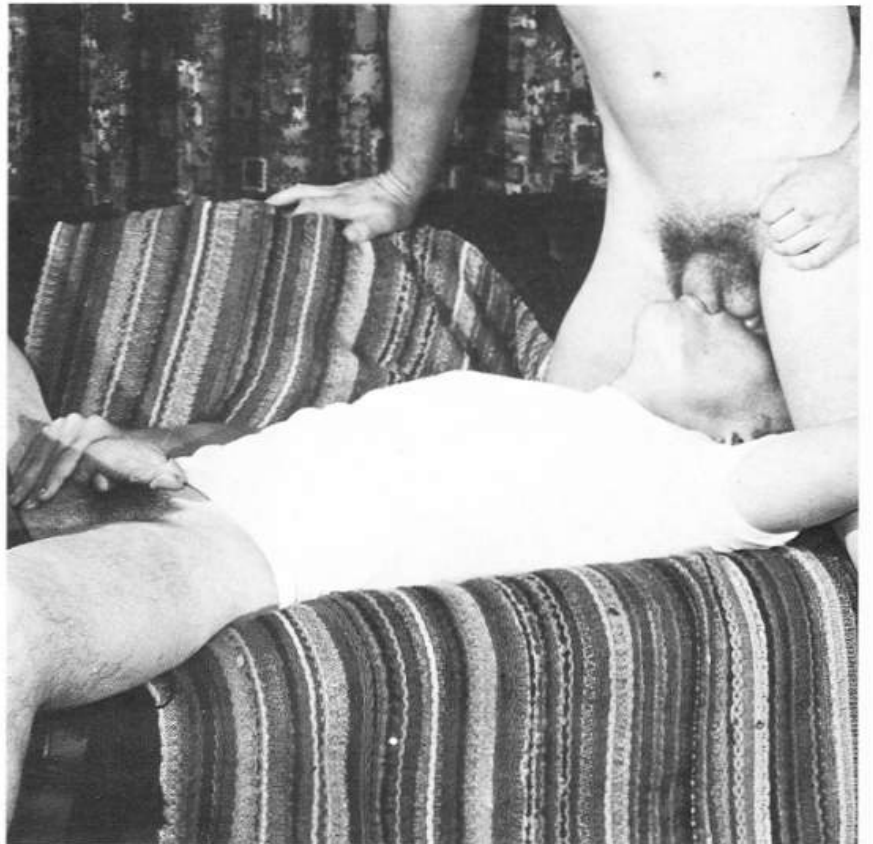


one else had given his upper body a complete turn. He could model for a corkscrew ad.

In junior high school, the game became more "sophisticated." Fly-popping changed to crotch-groping. It was considered "sportsmanlike" to give a warning. "Reach for your brains!" we'd yell, as our hands shot towards the victim's groins. We'd grab as big a handful as we could, and hold on until our hands were pulled away.

I trained my reflexes to slow down and let me enjoy the groping. But slow as I was in pulling my crotch free, I always regretted

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having to break the connection.

One day Jim was behind me. He thrust his hand between my legs and got a good grip on my nuts. This time I reacted quickly. I squeezed my thighs together and trapped his arm. He could have released my crotch but, instead, he fondled and kneaded it. I just stood there, getting a roaring hard-on, enjoying every movement.

In what I thought was a hard, sneering tone, Jim said, "You like that, huh?"

I stammered that I was just holding his arm prisoner, then I unclenched my thighs and released him.

I was embarrassed. His tone of voice made me think that my feelings and reactions were wrong and he was gloating over having found my "weakness."

I avoided Jim for the rest of the semester, and then we went to different high schools.

I lost track of him for four years, but not a day went by with-



out my thinking of him, and my favorite masturbation fantasies were of his hand fondling my crotch, and my hand shoving his cock into his pants.

One night I was walking through a seedy section of town when I saw a photograph outside a bar. It advertised a three-piece combo called "Manholes." They were groovy-looking studs and the one in the middle looked familiar.

It was Jim! His face had matured into young manhood, and

his hair had grown down to his shoulders, but there was no mistaking that visible aura of sensuality.

I entered the bar. The band was playing at top volume. I needed the noise to cover the throbbing in my chest.

Jim was singing while throwing himself around with the sexiest body movements I had ever seen. Not that he had to move to be sexy—he was nude to the waist.

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and in a few places below. His faded jeans had two fly-buttons open and a number of spots that were either worn through or torn. His cock was swinging back and forth behind a silver-dollar-sized hole.

I looked around at the audience. They were all males, mostly young, and many were dressed the same way as Jim, although with a vest or see-through tank-top over their bare torsos. I found the holes in the pants an interesting subject for study. I found out later that the placement of the holes indicates sexual preferences—front, back, or all over, but at that time I was getting my kicks from catching the little (or not-so-little) pieces of bare flesh—of the usually private body areas.



Many of the audience were standing in front of the stage and trying to stick a finger in a hole in Jim's pants, but he kept himself a fast-moving target while still taunting and teasing.

I knew nothing about the existence of gay life. All these years I thought I was some kind of freak. That was why I broke off my friendship with Jim. I was afraid of my feelings for him and thought I was dirty and corrupt and that I had to keep my feelings secret.

The fact that there were so many expressing emotions that I kept bottled inside me, helped me to relax and lose my self-disgust. Not that I was ready for what followed, though—

Jim and the guitarist jumped off the stage and were swallowed up in the crowd. The drummer made a scowling beeline for the door. Someone asked him why he always rushes out after a show and he barked, "To fuck the shit out of my wife—a real woman!" And he ran out.

The guy who asked him the question turned to his friend and said, "He thinks he's so anxious to fuck her *in spite* of this place. He doesn't realize it's *because* of it!"

I tried to get through the crowd to talk to Jim. I caught a glimpse of him going into the next room. I pushed my way through until I found myself wedged solidly between a mass of half-naked bodies. Hands were all over me, squeezing, fondling and massaging. One of my hands was jammed against someone's ass, and my other in a crotch. When I tried to move them, the bodies pushed harder and I was a complete prisoner.

My eyes had finally grown accustomed to the dim lighting and I found that I was just one body away from Jim. Looking over the shoulder of the guy between us, I could see that he had his hand inside Jim's fly. The guy behind Jim had his arms around him and was

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sliding his hands up and down his torso. He cupped Jim's pectorals which the guy in front bent over to kiss. He sucked on the nipples which the kneading hands left exposed.

He tried to get both of his hands inside Jim's fly, when Jim said, "Take it easy on my pants! It took a lot of work to 'antique' them."

The pair of hands left his breasts and went to his waistband. They opened the remaining buttons and slid down Jim's sides, dragging his pants with them.

The mouth left his nipples and traced a meandering trail down his chest, pausing at his navel, and then down into his thick patch of pubic hair. His chin was forcing Jim's hard-on downward, and scraped against it until his lips reached the base. Then the lips continued the journey out to the tip and back along the underside. One ball, and then the other, disappeared into that mouth. They

